

**BACHELOR OF PERFORMANCE
AUDITION PIECES
2011**

MONOLOGUES FOR WOMEN	MONOLOGUES FOR MEN
<p>'Blackbird' By David Harrower <i>Character: Una</i></p>	<p>'The Woman with Dog's Eyes' By Louis Nowra <i>Character: Todd</i></p>
<p>'Shopping and F***ing' By Mark Ravenhill <i>Character: Lulu</i></p>	<p>'Closer' By Patrick Marber <i>Character: Larry</i></p>
<p>'4.48 Psychosis' By Sarah Kane <i>Character: Unnamed Character</i></p>	<p>'The Blue Room' By David Hare <i>Character: Playwright</i></p>
<p>'Low Level Panic' By Clare McIntyre <i>Character: Jo</i></p>	<p>'A Property of the Clan' By Nick Enright <i>Character: Jared</i></p>

Monologues for Women

Blackbird

By David Harrower

Una:

It was half-eleven.
We could still make the ferry.
I ran and ran.
I could see the guest house.
But your car had gone.
I checked
ran up and down looking into all the cars but
and my bag was inside your car
with all my clothes
with everything.
And you were gone.
The clothes I'd brought.
But
and
my passport in my pocket and that
I
That room
but it was dark, the window.
I didn't know what to do.
Waited.
I sat on a bench.
I was freezing, hungry.
I wanted to know why you'd gone.
What I had done.
I was crying.
You'd left me.
You'd
Or something terrible had happened.
You'd been killed or drowned or
I couldn't do anything, couldn't go anywhere.
We wouldn't be on the ferry.
We wouldn't be leaving.
I didn't know what to do.
Something had happened.
You wouldn't have left me.
You wouldn't have done that.

Monologues for Women

Shopping and F***ing

By Mark Ravenhill

Lulu:

Please I want it off. (*Pawing at her face*) Where is it? [*Beat.*] Is it all gone? [*Beat.*] Everything? [*Beat.*] It must have splashed me. Why does it have to be like this? I mean, what kind of planet is this when you can't even buy a bar of chocolate? And afterwards of course you feel so guilty. Like you have done something.

Pause.

The Seven-Eleven. Walking past and I think: I'd like a bar of chocolate. So I go in but I can't decide which one. There's so much choice. Too much. Which I think they do deliberately. I'm only partly aware – and really why should I be any more aware? – that an argument is forming at the counter. A bloke. Dirty, pissy sort of – Wino sort of bloke is having a go at this girl, young – student girl behind the counter. Wino is raising his voice to student.

There's a couple of us in there. Me – chocolate. Somebody else – TV guides. (Because now of course they've made the choice on TV guides so fucking difficult as well.)

And wino's shouting: You've given me twenty. I asked for a packet of ten and you've given me twenty.

And I didn't see anything. Like the blade or anything. But I suppose he must have hit her artery. Because there was blood everywhere.

And he's stabbing away and me and TV guide we both just walked out of there and carried on walking.

And I can't help thinking: why did we do that? I could have stayed. I could have intervened. Stopped him.

It's like it's not really happening there – the same time, the same place as you. You're here. And it's there. And you just watch.

I'm going back. Who called an ambulance? She could be lying there. Or I could give a description.

And I've still got. You see I took –

She produces the chocolate bar from her pocket.

I took the bar of chocolate. She's being attacked and I picked this up and just for a moment I thought I can take this and there's nobody to stop me. Why did I do that? What am I?

Monologues for Women

4.48 Psychosis

By Sarah Kane

Unnamed Character:

A room of expressionless faces staring blankly at my pain, so devoid of meaning there must be evil intent.

Dr This and Dr That and Dr Whatsit who's just passing and thought he'd pop in to take the piss as well. Burning in a hot tunnel of dismay, my humiliation complete as I shake without reason and stumble over words and have nothing to say about my 'illness' which anyway amounts only to knowing that there's no point in anything because I'm going to die. And I am deadlocked by that smooth psychiatric voice of reason which tells me there is an objective reality in which my body and mind are one. But I am not here and never have been. Dr This writes it down and Dr That attempts a sympathetic murmur. Watching me, judging me, smelling the crippling failure oozing from my skin, my desperation clawing and all-consuming panic drenching me as I gape in horror at the world and wonder why everyone is smiling and looking at me with secret knowledge of my aching shame.

Shame, shame, shame.

Drown in your fucking shame.

Inscrutable doctors, sensible doctors, way-out doctors, doctors you'd think were fucking patients if you weren't shown proof otherwise, ask the same questions, put words in my mouth, offer chemical cures for congenital anguish and cover each other's arses until I want to scream for you, the only doctor who ever touched me voluntarily, who looked me in the eye, who laughed at my gallows humour spoken in the voice from the newly-dug grave, who took the piss when I shaved my head, who lied and said it was nice to see me. Who lied. And said it was nice to see me.

Monologues for Women

Low Level Panic

By Clare McIntyre

Jo:

If I could grow six inches and be as fat as I am now I'd be really tall and thin. I could stretch out all the fat on my legs till they were long and slender and I'd go to swanky bars and smoke menthol cigarettes. I'd save all the pennies I see lying about on the streets in an old whisky bottle then I'd go out and buy silky underwear and that's what I'd wear. I'd have white wine out of bottles with special dates on them in tall glasses and I'd smile a lot and show my teeth and I'd really be somebody then. I'd meet someone. We'd just drink: play with our drinks and look at each other. He'd look at me that is. I'd know he was looking at me, at my legs. Then we'd leave. I wouldn't give anything away. I'd be wearing sunglasses, enormous dark ones so he wouldn't see into me. I'd just be an amazing pair of legs, in sunglasses getting into a car. I'd be an astonishingly beautiful, mysterious, fascinating woman. I wouldn't need to talk. We'd be a beautiful couple. He might have a yacht. I could lounge about and go swimming. I'd dive in off the side of the boat. I'd be really good. I wouldn't have to hold my nose or anything. It'd be phenomenal. I'd feel brilliant about myself. I'd get really thin and I'd get tanned all over, even my armpits. I'd love every single minute of it.

Monologues for Men

The Woman with Dog's Eyes

By Louis Nowra

Todd:

That's an example. You forced me to play football. You'd drive me to a game and if I was lousy – which was most of the time – I had to walk home. No matter how far away. I was scared of the dark. 'Oh, you're a cry baby.' You locked me in the wardrobe. Do you know how terrified I was? It was like being buried alive. I was so scared that I pissed myself. I sat there for hours, in the dark, in my wet pants. What about when you fired me? You got security guards to throw me off the premises. I go home to see Mum and my paintings that were in the hallway were gone. You burnt them. Another piece of me gone. You know nothing about art. But I'm good at it, but you call me an idiot because of what I like in art. These two are the golden boys. Me, I'm always wrong. It's taken me a long time to try and get my life together. I know sometimes I've been a fool. Stealing that money... I mean, I just did it to annoy you.

Monologues for Men

Closer

By Patrick Marber

Larry:

I like jokes. Here's a good one... she never sent the divorce papers to her lawyer.

To a towering romantic hero like you I don't doubt I'm somewhat common but I am, nevertheless, what she has chosen. And we must respect what the woman wants. If you go near her again I promise – I will kill you - I have patients to see.

Listen, I've spent the last week talking about you. Anna tells me you fucked her with your eyes closed. She tells me you still cry for your mother, you mummy's boy.

Shall we stop this?

You don't know the first thing about love because you don't understand compromise.

You don't even know Alice... Consider her scar, how did she get that?

When you leave... doubtless you will notice the beautiful girl in reception. She's my next patient. She has an illness called 'Dermatitis Artefacta'. It's a mental disorder manifested in the skin. The patient manufactures his or her very own skin disease. They pour bleach on themselves, gouge their skin, inject themselves with their own piss, sometimes their own shit. They create their own disease with the same diabolical attention to detail as the artist or the lover.

It looks 'real' but its source is the deluded self.

Our flesh is ferocious, our bodies will kill us, our bones will outlive us...

I think Alice mutilated herself. It's fairly common in children who lose their parents young. They blame themselves, they're disturbed. You were so busy feeling your grand artistic 'feelings' you couldn't see what was in front of you. The girl is fragile and tender. She didn't want to be put in a book, she wanted to be loved.

Monologues for Men

The Blue Room

By David Hare

Playwright:

Do you really not know who I am? This is wonderful. I mean, I love the idea. Are you serious? Do you mean... you really don't recognise me, do you? Very good.

[He thinks about it for a moment, pleased]

What sort of writer am I? Yes, well, this is a very good question. This is something people have argued about. The work's not easy to put in a box. The work's won prizes. Well, I mean, I have.

Take off your bra. Take anything off. It won't bother me.

Inevitably I get labelled, as if I'm part of a movement. They call me post-romantic. I know. It's just a shallow name the press dreamt up.

Restlessness. Longing. These things don't go away just because of what we call progress. We still search. We still pursue the idea. We land. We cast off. With luck, we make waves. But finally we have no control of the tide.

Tell me more about yourself. Everything about you interests me. Have you ever been in love?

Don't tell me. Let me guess. Engaged. And you miss him, don't you.

Oh, I love it, I love it. Say something else. I'll take you away, I promise. Have you been to India? Let's go. We'll go to the Rajasthan. There are forts – can you imagine? – built over the cities. I'll put you on the battlements, and we'll fuck each other's brains out. I can't get enough of you everything about you... your beautiful little jumper... your naïve untutored little skirt... and the thought of the paper-thin, onion-skin, fragile yellow papyrus of your knickers... I'm known for my enormous vocabulary. My capacious vocabulary! The egregious, rapacious, dithyrambic immensity of my individual; lexicon...

Big words! My work is throbbing with big words! Trouser-bulging with polysyllables!

We'll go. We'll go together to Jaipur. I worship you. I fucking worship you, my child.

Monologues for Men

A Property of the Clan

By Nick Enright

Jared:

Well, I wasn't in a party mood. And Wayne Hanley and Culcott and Davo and them were all... It was like everyone was really aggro, and I... Anyway, I wandered off on my own, and went in the water, down the other end of the beach, and I was splashing around, a bit pissed but not that pissed, and I started to wonder what it would be like to... you know... just go under... It's the way I was feeling. But then that really freaked me out, anyway I came out and went up to the sand hills, and I had a couple of cones I bought off Davo, and I was sitting up there, having a smoke, having a think, a think and a smoke, and started to feel okay, you know, and it was quiet. I could hear Gary's band back in the hall, bashing some poor bloody song to death, but out there it was quiet, and I was just getting myself together to come and find you, get back into it sort of, and I saw. Down below me, between me and the water. And a moon shining on the sea, like in a movie. Scott Abbott, dragging someone across the sand hills. Scott was pulling her by the arm. 'Tracy. Come on, Tracy. Come on. She was... blind, legless. Off her face. She was sort of half-giggling, at least that's what it sounded like, from a distance. And he pulled her down on the ground, and he never stopped talking the whole time, talking her into it, talking her through it. And then she wasn't giggling no more, she started to sound like... like some animal in pain. And he's got a hand clamped over her mouth. And then the other two lobbed. Couldn't see their faces, but I could hear their voices clear as... Davo and Wayne Hanley. Watching. Barracking. Cheering him on. Fighting about who was going to be first... first with the sloppy seconds.